

the streets of
Pamploma
again

he sits up
the skeleton rattles

the skull wants a drink .

the eyeholes want sunlight action.

the young bulls are beautiful,
Ernest

and you were
too

no matter
what they say

now.

SUITABLE

she is an old woman
now
still quite beautiful
she has known many of
the famous.

we are sitting in a cafe
and she tells me,
"Hemingway was an amazing
man, he'd sit about and
make these statements
one after another, these
astonishing statements"

I like that.
but I have nothing to
say.

well, I do.
I tell her: "the red
sauce in the little bowl
is very hot so
don't use it unless you
like that sort of
thing."

— such statements don't
create legends
but for temporary mortals
they still have a
rather
sturdy worthiness.

BAND-AID

we are destroyed by our
conscience, I explained to
him.

no, no, that's not what I
mean, he said.
I mean, I'll wake up
feeling good, you know,
ready for the action, ready
for whatever's out there and
then the first words she'll
say to me
will be
simply vicious and stupid,
really unwarranted, you know.
then, I'm depressed, the
whole day's
shot through the head.

we are destroyed by expecting
more than there is,
I said.

or, he continued, I'll be out
there all day, it will be hard
enough but I'll see it through
and I'll drive up thinking, now
for the good part, I'll park it,
get out, walk in the door,
then she'll say something
totally unrelated either to her
or to me, I mean something that
is simply and violently ugly,
right off, you know, and there
goes the evening and the night,
there goes any good feeling
I might have had.

you sound like a little nit-
pick, I said.

you mean these things don't
happen to you? he asked.